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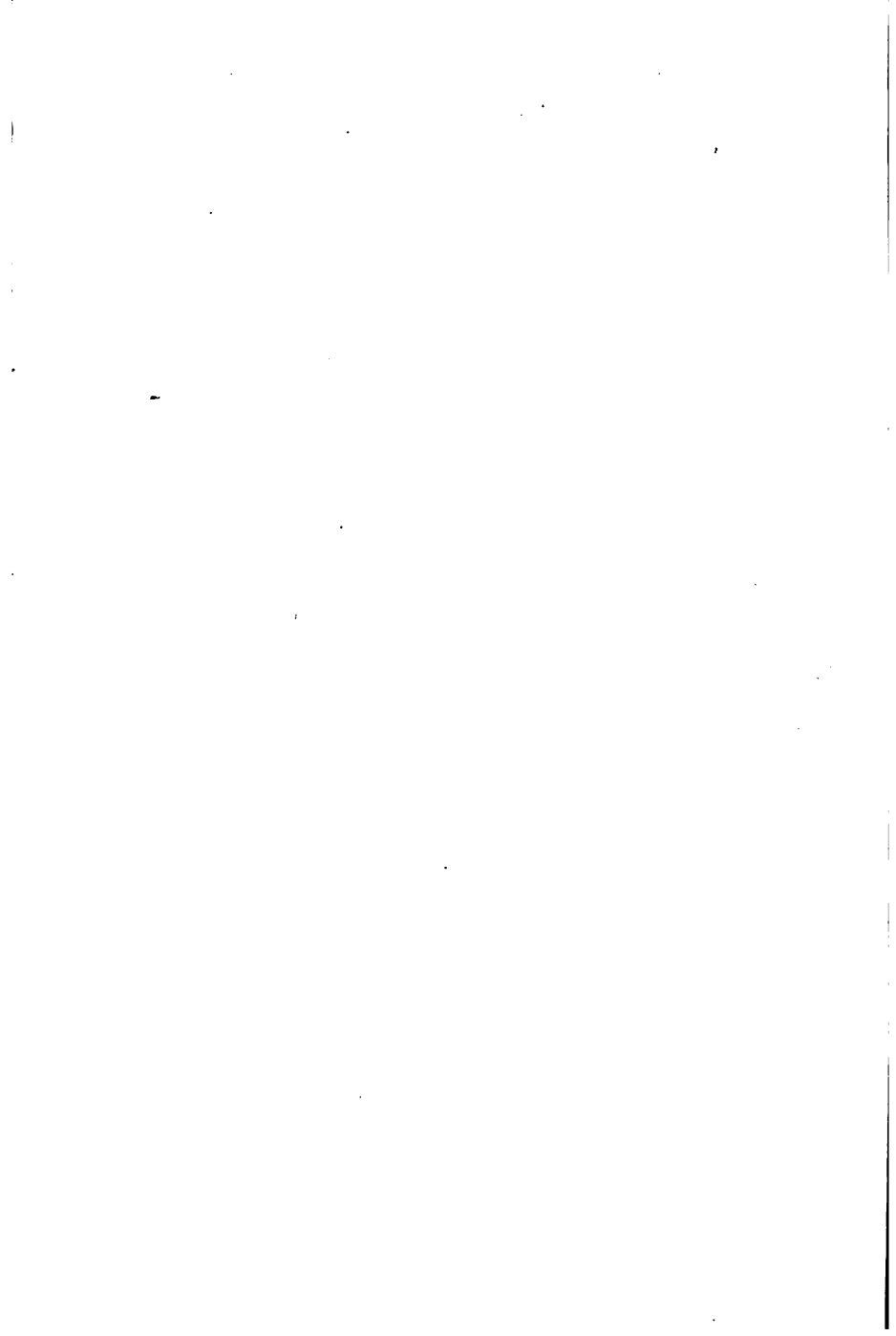
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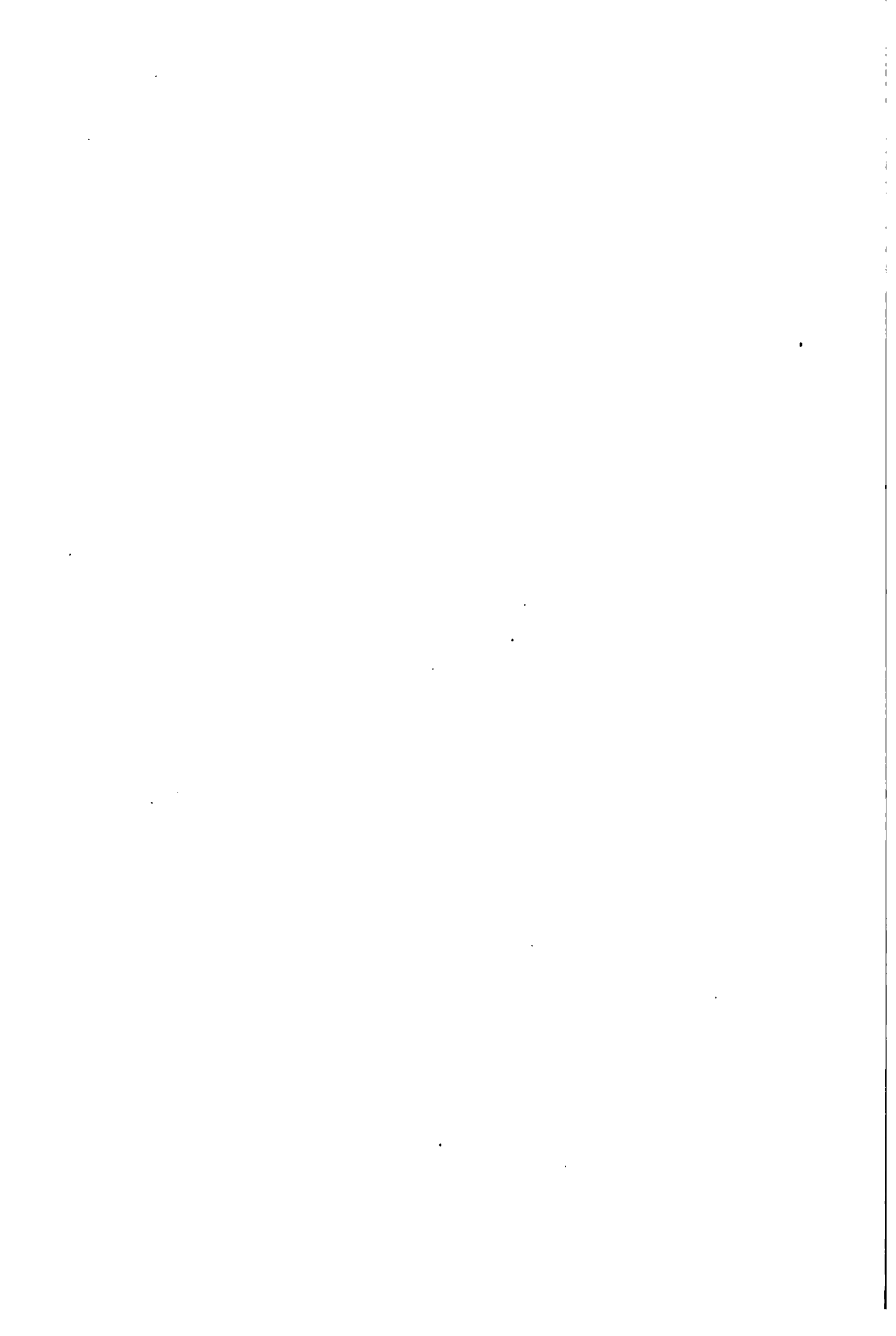
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**THIS BOOK,**  
***the making of which has been one of the happiest***  
***occupations of my life, is affectionately***  
***dedicated to the many friends whose***  
***love has made living worth while.***

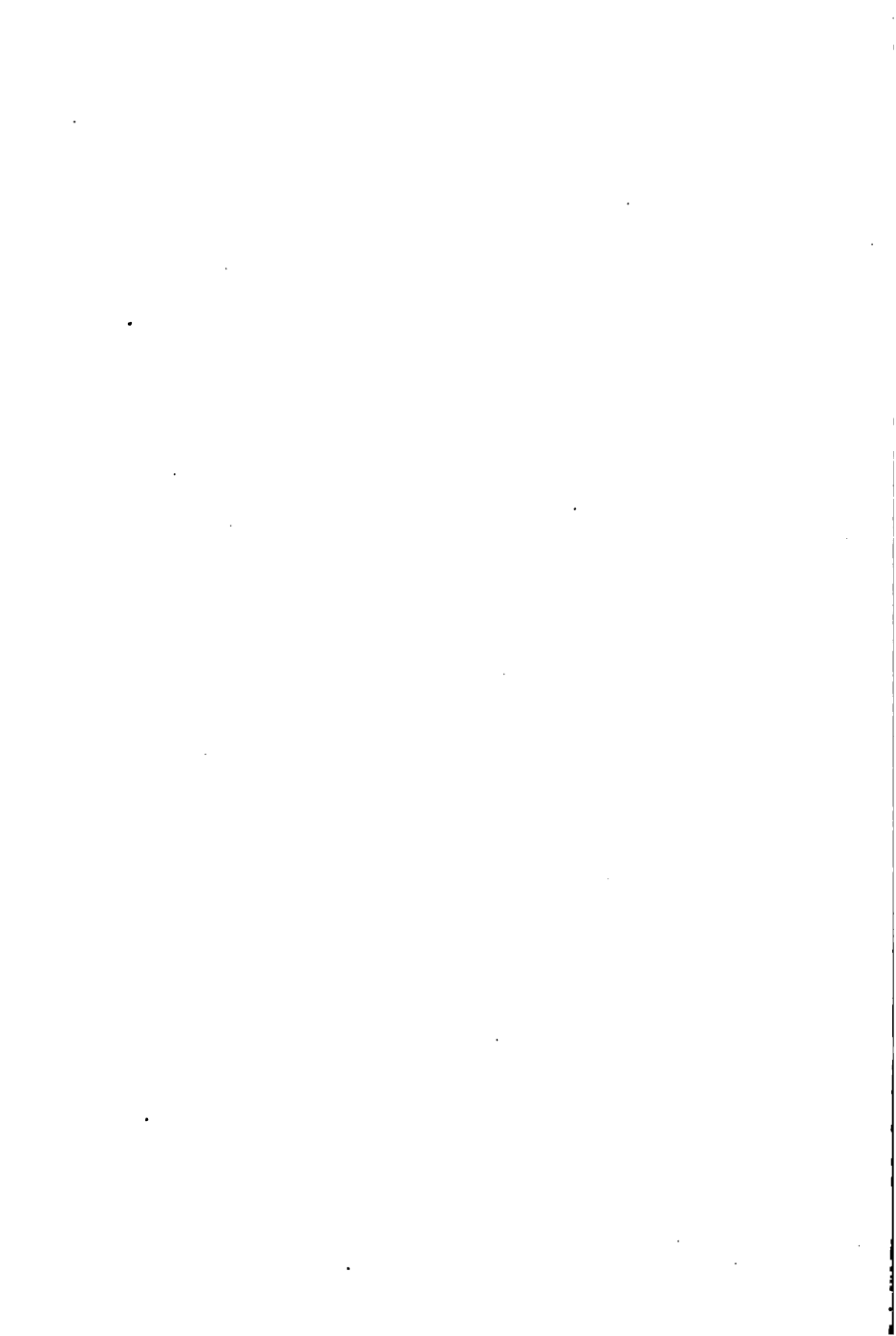




## **DEDICATION**

*What are these verses that I write for you  
Of thoughts or dreams or vagaries of weather  
That we have often spoken of together;  
Are they just words that follow one another?*

*Not so, for in my verse, oh, friend of mine,  
I give you all the treasure life has brought,  
And all my mind so cunningly has wrought,  
I give you of myself—my very soul.*



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## MY BIT

**S**OME add bright gardens to the score  
Of human treasure trove,  
And some add scientific lore  
To what mankind's achieved.

Many and precious are the things  
Added every year,  
As one who thinks and dreams and sings  
I crave to add a verse.



## MUDDLING 'ROUND

**I** GET so tired of all  
The straining after something new  
Much curious verse they call  
Vers libre and many pictures  
That they name cubistic—  
Or is it futuristic?

I do not like a thing  
I do not understand, and no  
One understands. I cling  
To poems meaning clear,  
And pictures, especially  
With purpose plain to see.

I'm tired of muddling 'round,  
And guessing at the thought behind,  
And posing most profound;  
The old sweet joy in art  
Is lost entirely  
In deep, dark mystery.

## CINCINNATI

**C**INCINNATI, home of my adoption,  
I love you better every passing year.  
You are to me as kindred near and dear.  
Your hills are living joys of every day;  
Your valley-heart a throbbing, pulsing way.  
I love you all in all forever.

I love your bridges flung across that stream,  
Whose waters golden in the sunlight gleam  
In springtime, and in winter's cold and snow,  
A gorgeousness of icy beauty know;  
Called beautiful, this river, long before  
I learned its mystic and majestic lore.

I love your winding wayward streets that climb  
The hills, and many, many is the time  
I wander up to some high pinnacle  
And stand entranced, the distant view to marvel.  
I love you, too, in lowly streets and places—  
Your rows of little homes have simple graces.

Cincinnati, home of my adoption,  
A little center in yourself of art,  
Of music, and with strivings in your heart.  
For all the best this old world has to give,  
To me it is a privilege here to live,  
And love you all in all forever.

## FORGOTTEN.DAYS

**F**ORGOTTEN days of long ago,  
I wonder where you are!  
And if perchance we'll meet again  
On some far-distant star!

I wonder do you wait for me,  
Like children lost and sad,  
And if my coming once again  
To you will make you glad?

I would not like to think that you  
Are lost for all of time;  
But rather that you lived somewhere  
And helped me make this rhyme.

## **FULFILLMENT**

(Written for and reprinted from American  
Poetry Magazine)

**S**TRANGE lands and open spaces call to me,  
And yet the city holds me in a vise;  
Wide fields and great expanse far flung and free  
Would mean a bit of earthly paradise.

Great plains that roll far out to meet the sky,  
My poor heart craves in its encasing walls;  
But I must struggle on and struggling die,  
While still to me a free life calls and calls.

Dear God, if circumscribed my life must be,  
So that I lose the goal of heart's behest,  
Grant me that in some fair eternity  
My soul in heavenly plains may gain its quest.

## MY SKYSCRAPER

**P**ALE grey and gold it stands against the sky,  
My skyscraper.  
Not mine in truth, for none so poor as I,  
And yet, mine, too,  
For though no court-house deed records it so,  
That gold-grey shaft  
Is every day more mine, and this I know,  
With joy increasing,  
More mine because I love it ever better,  
And every year  
I am the more its architect's poor debtor,  
For all my joy.

Each morning as I move with countless others,  
To daily tasks,  
I step apart from these my busy brothers,  
Heads down, work bent,  
And slowly move with eyes fixed far above  
That hurrying throng,  
That I may ever see the shaft I love  
In morning light.  
Its golden crown above the city's mist  
Rises aloft,  
By every little sunbeam gaily kist,  
My skyscraper.

Ah, and at evening, when my day is done,  
And homeward bent,  
I view the shining shaft in setting sun,  
'Tis beauty rare,  
But not more wonderful than when at night  
It stands transfigured  
Ablaze from tower and window pane with light,  
A jeweled castle.  
To me it is Arabian Nights come true  
For all to see,  
And every time I gaze a beauty new  
Stirs all my soul,

**And through and through my being thrills and  
thrills,  
With love and joy  
As my rapt heart with all its glory fills,  
My skyscraper.**

## COMPENSATION

(Written for Mrs. Samuel H. Taft)

**I** LONGED to paint a picture,  
Write a poem or a song;  
I dreamed of such endeavor night and day;  
But I knew naught of painting,  
And my music all went wrong,  
My verses did not tell what I would say.

Then He who guides the universe  
Gave me a flower garden,  
That is picture, song and poem all in one,  
And, because my hopes find solace there,  
The things that might have been  
Are as real to me as if my goal I'd won.

Each year my garden's vistas  
Are the pictures I achieve.  
My verses blossom forth in every rose;  
And birds and bees and butterflies  
That through my garden weave,  
Sing songs I know but that I can't compose.

## WHEN SPRING IS NEW

**I** CARE not for the springtime  
When the season has grown old,  
For all spring's fascinations  
Then are stories often told;  
*But oh, when spring is new,  
With skies a wondrous blue,  
And peeping through the snow,  
Anemones will blow;  
When lilacs scent the breeze,  
And all the red bud trees  
A symphony of rose  
In woodlands dark disclose—*  
Oh, then to me, the world's  
Almost too lovely to be true.

I care not for the springtime  
As it merges into summer,  
Its story is as weary  
As the veriest dreary mummer—  
*But when the robin's call  
Sounds from the garden wall,  
And when each little leaf,  
Brand-new, unfurls its sheaf;  
And violet purpling hills  
Rebuke still icy rills,  
My soul goes out to meet  
The spring, with joy complete—*  
And catches, in its happiness,  
A mystic hint of heaven.



## A STREET OF EVERY DAY

**T**HERE'S a vista from my window—just a  
street of every day,  
With shabby houses bordering it, and dirty lads  
at play;  
But it somehow means the world to me, this  
common little street,  
Though its rows of homes are rusty and its  
lawns are never neat.

I love the street in sunshine, and most of all in  
rain;  
I love it when it quivers to the organ-grinder's  
strain;  
To me its trees are lovely though they're neither  
straight nor tall,  
The essence of enchantment's made the street  
my all in all.

For I've a plot upon the street whose very soil's  
my own,  
A home—house of my heart's blood and the mar-  
row of my bone,  
As drab without as all the rest—this little house  
of mine,  
But oh, to me dreams glorified, a heart's desire,  
a shrine.

## MY SONG

**L**ORD, let the song I sing  
Ring true,  
And let it always bring  
Message  
Of help or cheer to those  
Who read.  
To restless hearts—repose—  
And balm,  
To those who saddened weep,  
That they  
May still a stout heart keep.  
Comfort  
Along the way, I crave,  
To add  
With words, uplifting, brave.

I sing for joy of it,  
But let  
My words be apt and fit  
To help  
My brothers live their days  
Upright—  
Amid the world's amaze,  
Hardships,  
Distractions and confusions.  
Let me  
Help men keep their illusions,  
Ideals,  
And dreams, and that high goal  
Not of  
This earth but of the soul.

## AT SUNSET

**U**PON a mountain, near the sea I'll build  
When all the struggle and the striving cease  
And day shall follow day long and serene  
And nights shall be star-rimmed and full of  
peace.

Then I will look back on the years and think  
Of crowded days and clanging city street  
Where I have beaten out my destiny  
But visions of them shall be swift and fleet.

And all my time shall be a happiness  
With but one longing, dear, unsatisfied  
For I shall often wish for you and grieve  
Not to have reached the goal before you died.

But when the summer winds blow fair and sweet  
With pine scent that you loved, and breath of  
sea,

Oh, I shall know that you are not afar  
But that you share this place, we dreamed,  
with me.

**MOTHER'S DAY (Sunday, May 8)**

**A COTTAGE** in the twilight,  
Playthings about the floor  
And you, with eyes of lovelight,  
Singing my lullabye o'er.  
*Oh, Mother memories!*

*And then grown much, much older,  
I sat close by your knee,  
Listening to gorgeous stories  
Your fancy wove for me.  
Oh, Mother memories!*

*Days of my wilful teens  
And days of college stress,  
Ever your love encompassed  
A wondrous life caress.  
Ah, Mother memories!*

*To-day I wear your flower,  
Beautiful mother of mine,  
And pray to be made worthy  
Of thoughts so near divine  
As Mother memories.*

## APRIL MAGIC

**A**PRIL came in my window fragrant with the  
spring  
And cast a halo over each familiar thing  
Here in my little room, until the very air  
Was golden with enchantments and with dreams  
so fair  
The dull and drab of every day was lost to view.

It was as if I reveled in a garden old  
My pin cushion, a visionary marigold,  
My curtains blue and white were changed to in-  
nocence,  
My walls a lilac hedge of gorgeous purple tints;  
Each simple thing touched with a wand and  
made anew.

Sweet April, come into my inmost life as well,  
And work there with the magic of your lovely  
spell;  
Changing the commonplace to beauty every-  
where;  
Make of my mind a garden with only growing  
there  
Blossoms that crown thoughts that are upright,  
fine and true.

## **MONEY**

**M**ONEY, money, money that jingles in my  
pocket,  
To buy a golden locket,  
Or a house that keeps the rain out,  
Or a gown to gaily flout—  
But may it never buy for me a friend.

Money, money, money—So much will money  
buy—  
Titles great and high,  
Jewels rare and olden,  
Pleasure fair and golden,  
But it cannot buy a sunny day.

Money, money, money that many live and die for,  
And the weak and wishful lie for,  
That's after all so futile,  
Compared with things worth while,  
May it never swerve me from High Heaven.

## DAY DREAMS

DAY Dreams, Day Dreams,  
Light as a gossamer net,  
Flit in the twilight to me,  
Over an amethyst sea,  
Visions of beauty and love,  
Vague as the white clouds above,  
Misty and lovely as starlight—  
Day Dreams, Day Dreams.

Day Dreams, Day Dreams,  
Dimpled and smiling appear  
Faces of beautiful girls,  
Framed in the softest of curls,  
Castles on islands of gold,  
Where no one ever grows old,  
Princes in marvelous brocade—  
Day Dreams, Day Dreams.

Day Dreams, Day Dreams,  
Why should a sad world frown,  
Why all my dreaming deny,  
What could I ever buy  
Half so gay or alluring,  
Half so surely enduring,  
As this that my soul provides?  
Day Dreams, Day Dreams.

Day Dreams, Day Dreams,  
I will dream on to the end;  
Joys that my day dreams give  
Illumine each hour that I live,  
Empty life's greatest missions,  
Sordid life's best ambitions,  
Minus the Make-Believe Land—  
Day Dreams, Day Dreams.

## TO A ROBIN

**R**OBIN upon my window sill,  
So gaily briskly pert,  
With quirky little turns of bill,  
So pecky and alert,  
A-twisting there so jerkily,  
As if strung on a wire,  
A-turning there so perkily,  
You never seem to tire.

A-snapping are your beady eyes,  
With coquetry of being,  
Alert for any quick surprise,  
A world uncertain seeing;  
Friendly, but oh, so cautious, too,  
And poised for sudden flight,  
Testing a friendship all too new  
With all your subtle might.

One must be sure of friendships, Robin,  
And test them day by day;  
For man was born in original sin—  
One did his Lord betray;  
So look at me well and carefully,  
Before you build your nest;  
There in my fine old apple tree—  
The tree that I love best.



## PERSONAL ANTHOLOGY

**T**HE world has a curious way  
Of choosing what it wants;  
Now I would act in a play,  
But am made a clerk at a desk.

Because long ago I was apt  
At figures, subtracting and adding,  
My soul was caught and trapped  
And chained to arithmetic.

Oh, I do not love to be here,  
Adding figures row on row;  
But I stay on year after year,  
For one must be sure of food.

## THE FLAG

**I** ALWAYS feel the flag has life—  
The life of those  
Who gave their blood in battle strife  
For its great cause;  
And when I see it flying free  
I always think  
That those who gave it victory  
Are somehow near;  
Their souls still guarding its fair fame,  
They could not go,  
Who gave their all in freedom's name  
To some far realm,  
And give themselves to calm and peace  
Nay not until  
Wars on this earth forever cease.  
And so I feel  
The flag in truth a living thing  
To which none can  
Enough allegiance bring,  
Or love, to pay  
The debt he owes to those who gave  
Their all to it.

## VIOLETS

**I** STOLE two purple violets  
And pressed them in my letter.  
What could be better  
To tell my love?

And back by post there came to me  
Two smiling kisses, sweet;  
But joy was fleet—  
They, too, were stolen.

L' Envoi

Both violets and kisses now  
Attain to dubious fame  
A lawyer's game  
In musty courts!

## AGE—OLD

**A**S long ago, sweetheart,  
As the first day  
Has our love been a part  
Of life's great scheme.

As long ago, my dear,  
As the first night  
Your soul to mine was near,  
This flame we feel,

Blazed as they lit the stars  
In that dark sky,  
And chose the planet Mars  
Earth's company.

Through all the centuries, Sweet,  
This passion grew;  
To us alone our love  
Is shining new.

ROOKWOOD (1880-1920)

(Written for John Dee Wareham)

**M**OTHER of beautiful thoughts imprisoned  
in clay,  
Fragments of sea, or of sky, or the blossoms  
of May,  
O, what a treasure you bring me!  
O, the rare songs that you sing me!  
Joys of my soul that are past all recording.

Here in my vase is the essence of exquisite  
thought,  
Into what color and mold so splendidly wrought;  
O, but the glory you lend me  
In this fair urn that you send me;  
This is a glory beyond all rewarding.

You that have saved for me perfume of wonder-  
ful flowers,  
You that have tinted to gold many marvelous  
hours,  
What is this thing that you make me?  
That it can never forsake me,  
That it remains a fixed part of my living?

More than a structure of hands is this gorgeous  
vase,  
In it that subtle soul substance, the life of my  
race,  
Wisdom of ages you bring me,  
Music of masters you sing me;  
Heritage, to me, of centuries giving.

## PASSION

**P**ASSION swept through my soul  
And left it scarred and white  
Taking a bitter toll  
For small, brief happiness,  
Leaving my life a night  
Of blackness, like a room  
In darkness, lamp gone out.

Now all my days pass by  
Laggard and slow and stilled  
And yet I do not sigh  
Nor look back longingly;  
I am as one fulfilled,  
I know the bitter-sweet  
And would, of it, be free.

## AT FORTY

**I** HOPE I shall never lose  
The sense of your nearness to me,  
That it goes forever with me,  
A-singing, through and through me.

When I walk alone in the garden,  
You walk there by my side,  
As though in flesh and person,  
And cannot be denied.

I know you are far, far distant,  
But your soul is here with me,  
And the sense of your nearness lingers,  
As tonic as breath of the sea.

Oh, I pray I may never lose  
The sense of your nearness to me,  
Dear Self of my Youth, a-thrilling,  
And a-singing through and through me.

## NEWSPAPERS

**W**HERE bandits come into their own  
And *shine* in pictured places,  
Where *three* words tell a life love and  
There are *tips* upon the races.  
Where *debutantes* attain to glory  
And fame in *one* short season,  
And murders loom up nice and *gory*.  
With more thrills than Poe's raven,  
A gorgeousness of *vaudeville*,  
With all the world a-playing,  
*Divorcees*, kings, and pugilists,  
Into the *vision* straying.

The day would never be complete  
Without a favorite news-sheet.



## MYSTERY MELODY

**H**E sang far off, an early morning bird,  
A sweet, sweet bit of lovely melody,  
And all my heart was moved and thrilled and  
stirred,  
As morning breezes brought his song to me.

It was a song, he sang, of long ago;  
To me it brought a memory ever dear—  
The happiest retrospect, dear heart, I know,  
Of gorgeous summer days when you were  
near.

And then his singing ceased and he was gone—  
The silence closed about a deeper gloom;  
Then suddenly it came to me, with dawn,  
Yourself had sung to me beyond the tomb.

## SPRING COQUETRY

**U**PON a day  
When all the world was gay,  
And violets frolicked out,  
And sunlight shone about,  
I fell in love with spring.

Oh, foolish one,  
Gone is the glorious sun,  
And frost has nipped the flowers,  
And gloomy are the hours—  
I fairly hate the spring!

## BRIDGES

**B**RIDGES, like etchings in morning light,  
Bridges the jeweled romances of night,  
Bridges like bits of cobwebby lace  
Find in my heart a most definite place—  
Bridges that span the Ohio.

Bridges that stir a new art in my soul,  
Bridges that carry me oft to my goal,  
Bridges of strength yet of delicate beauty,  
Loving you is a great joy, not a duty—  
Bridges that span the Ohio.

Bridges a-stretching far out to the blue,  
Bridges like incense or myrrh or rue,  
Bridges, rare beauty for those inland born,  
Priceless to cities your glories adorn—  
Bridges that span the Ohio.

Bridges that stretch away under the stars,  
Bridges unmindful of tragedy scars,  
Bridges of joy and of misery, too,  
Keepers of secrets, old and new,  
Bridges that span the Ohio.

## SPRING SUNSHINE

(Written for Mrs. Martin E. McKee)

**W**INTER'S sunshine stern and cold,  
Is but a miser's hoarded gold,  
A smile across the rainbow snow,  
Impersonal, a chilling glow,  
Love's lantern burning dim.

Summer's sun that fiercely burns  
A parched imploring earth, and spurns  
A thousand rains that would relieve  
Scorched fields, dry streams, and give reprieve,  
Is passion run amuck.

Sunlight in autumn days that shines,  
Is incense hung o'er dying shrines,  
A broken-hearted fleeting breath,  
All saddened by decay and death,  
An autumn's sun is sorrow.

But oh, the sunlight of the spring,  
Stirring to depths each living thing,  
Is as a lover's first fair kiss,  
Sweet through and through, an utter bliss,  
Spring sunshine is young love.

## RENEWAL

**V**IOLETS out by the brook,  
Bird notes lure in the wind,  
Casting aside my book,  
I turn to your path by the bend.

All of the life you adored,  
There in the old, old places,  
Saved and winter-stored,  
Sweet with the same old graces.

But you, oh, where are you,  
While life renews its strain,  
Far off there in the blue  
Do you, too, live again?

## APRIL AWAKENING

**I** WOKE to hear the rain,  
An April morning sweet with summer,  
Beating tattoo refrain,  
In restless music murmur,  
Against my window pane.

And all my heart was stirred,  
Life's old and calm emotions died,  
My soul soared like a bird,  
Its freedom long denied,  
Buoyant with hope deferred.

Across the misty lea  
In that sweet April dim and wet,  
Awakening flower and tree  
From winter's long regret  
Came Love, Spring's gift to me.

## CHILDHOOD FAITH

COME close from out the weary years,  
Dear elfin days of long ago,  
Light-hearted days of make-believe  
That once again my heart may know  
Fairies and gnomes and all their train.

Come, bring again light heart's joys,  
As marble play and skipping rope,  
And I'll forget my hair grows grey,  
And life is moving down the slope,  
Forget in happiness renewed.

For I am weary of the things  
We struggle for through years mature;  
They seem but tinsel as I move  
Toward the shadow and their lure—  
The lure of dross, unreal, untrue.

Come, days, from out the years between  
To-day and those lost yesterdays,  
And warm my heart with happy thoughts  
That move along gay primrose ways—  
Thoughts that were never mine for losing.

Let old hopes rest where they have died  
Along the path, I shall not grieve  
That I have missed much I desired,  
And craved and thought I must achieve,  
If I may keep my childhood's faith.

It shall sustain me to the end,  
This simple faith in heaven and earth,  
In God above the universe,  
His wondrous promise of rebirth,  
And glorious immortality.

## HIDDEN GOLD

(Written for Dr. Henry Wald Bettmann)

**M**ANY see beauty in the starlight,  
Or in the sunrise of a perfect day,  
And few may miss the rhythm of a bird's flight,  
Or the glories of a blossoming month of May,  
I would not loose of these, and yet I pray  
To prize the hidden gold of every day.

There's beauty in a task well done,  
Though it may be a task that's commonplace—  
The beauties I would know of victories won,  
That mean perhaps a betterment of race,  
The beauty in those souls of common lot,  
Daily heroic, but who count it not.

Beauty in work I crave to know,  
And in the simple duties of my hands  
As well as beauty in the starlight's glow,  
And beauty that a perfect art commands,  
That I may move assured to set of sun,  
My tasks in full appreciation done.



## FEAR

**L**ORD, take away from me  
Fear thoughts that cloud my days,  
And let me move serene  
To meet life's every phase.

Blot fear from out my mind,  
And let my soul be clear  
Of it forevermore,  
Nor feel its presence near.

Whether I lose or gain  
On this terrestrial sphere,  
Lord, grant me this one boon,  
To miss the curse of fear.

## PYRAMIDS

**WOULDST** build a gorgeous pyramid,  
As Egypt did of old,  
And point it upward to the sky,  
Your name 'gainst time to hold?

Nay, do not build your monument  
Of stones or jewels rare;  
But build it up of loving deeds,  
Posterity may share.

Stone pyramids are futile things,  
At best, the stones may stay—  
But men will soon forget the name  
Of him who passed that way.

But he who builds that others may  
Be helped by what he wrought,  
Builds marvelously, a monument  
Of ever-living thought.

## NON-SUPPORT!

**S**O many words to use  
In English and so few  
We speak and those abuse  
Often most carelessly.

I dreamed last night that all  
The unused words held court;  
Gaily there came at call  
Words almost obsolete.

And such a counseling,  
And such an indignation,  
I woke a-shivering  
In heavy perspiration.

Perhaps things will be righted,  
For the English-speaking people  
Were solemnly indicted  
On a charge of non-support!

## MISTRESS PLAY

**J**UST as I turn into the valley  
You come with eyes of blue,  
And Maytime, smile and joyous guile,  
Beckoning me for the last brief while,  
Oh, careless Mistress Play!

Too late I have forgotten how,  
In all those weary years  
Of work-a-day, the name of play,  
And now I cannot come your way,  
Oh, heartless Mistress Play!

Yet is the fault mine own, for I  
Would build a pyramid  
Of shining gold in days of old  
Gold have I, but am poor, behold,  
Oh, futile Mistress Play!

## THE POINT OF VIEW

**I** LIVE with dreams and visions,  
And let the world go by,  
A-seeking foolish idols  
And things that gold will buy.

My neighbors revel gaily,  
Pursuing pseudo pleasure,  
And burn their lives up daily,  
But me—I try for leisure.

For me, a book, a thought,  
A cottage in a wood;  
Then has life truly brought  
A great and lasting good.

## VICTORS OF DESTINY

**I** AM the God of Circumstance,  
I rule with iron rod;  
And he who overcomes my will  
Is like unto a God,  
So firm is my decree.

I hold all life in my control—  
In grim and stern embrace—  
A few there are who loose my hold,  
Supermen of the race,  
Unconquered in defeat.

It does not matter where I place  
Souls in heroic mold,  
Nor wealth nor poverty can keep  
Them from a meted goal,  
Victors of destiny.

## MAY

**F**ROM a fairy kingdom far away  
Comes joyous laughing May,  
With a dash of gold in her hair  
And a winsome delicate air.  
Oh, she is a maiden fair,  
Without a trace of care;  
But I say to you now, beware,  
For May is a gay coquette!

All of a sudden she is here,  
Sauciest month of the year,  
With a wonderful smile for to-day,  
That is happy and glad and gay;  
But a smile that does not stay,  
Oh careless, careless May,  
Tears are not far away  
From the smile of this gay coquette!

Yet all of the world loves laughing May,  
And why, why not I, pray?  
Over the garden wall,  
Down by the water fall,  
There in the poplar tall  
You can feel her mystic call,  
Coquetry in it all;  
But it snares my heart forever!

## MY SHIP

(For Margaret and Victor)

**I** SEARCH the far horizon for my Ship,  
My Ship that must at last come home to me,  
Weighted with all the gold of heart's desire,  
Sailing majestic on a sunlit sea.

Bearing the cargo of my dreams come true,  
Wishes and hopes and plans of all my days,  
All that I am and all I hope to be  
After the storm and stress and long delays.

Dear Love, for you I crave this Ship of mine  
Shall sail serene at last into the view,  
For all its treasure trove is but a shrine  
On which I offer up my soul to you.



## ROSES

**R** OSES—white roses—  
Brides' flowers of purity,  
So stately and so churchly  
Blooming for marriage altars.

Roses—pink roses—  
A debutante may claim;  
They cry aloud her fame,  
Rosebud in a garden of girls.

Roses—red roses—  
Were ever heroes' flowers,  
Sung through historic hours  
And saved for martyrs' graves.

Roses—gold roses—  
Since none have bid for you,  
I choose your saffron hue  
Because I love you best.

TO A REPLICA OF CHESTER BEACH'S  
NIGHT

**T**INY fac-simile in rippling line,  
With sleepy hands clasping ringlets in curl,  
Your soft robe falling from a form divine,  
I watch you as the twilight shades unfurl.

Your beauty through the dark's a shaft of light,  
Stirring my soul like music soft and low,  
Or violets in the spring or birds in flight,  
Or as some glorious sunset's final glow.

You glide into the dark star crowned and fair,  
Moving my heart to mad adventuring,  
In fairy worlds lost to all sense of care;  
Oh, take me with you to eternal Spring!

## TRAIL'S END

**S**O I come back to you  
From varied paths and ways—  
From far adventures that  
Absorbed in other days.

My heart has been at times  
A wayward thing, I know;  
But now it seeks you out  
Again in sunset glow.

Be not too critical;  
Take what I offer now;  
Love cannot be compelled  
By law or lock or vow.

## BLUE ROOKWOOD

**M**Y Rookwood vase is blue—the blue of dreams—

With one great shadowy bird in decoration;  
And when the sunlight on the blueness gleams,  
A thousand day dreams spring into sensation.

The myriad blues in all of fairyland

Stand there revealed in glistening gorgeous  
tint—

Shades that gay fancy only can command—  
Unearthly blue, inspired and heaven sent.

The blue of summer skies, the twilight blue—

The blue of sea, the blue of splendid flowers—  
The blue of heaven and earth both old and new,  
Caught in a vase to tease luxurious hours.

## **LIFE-LURE**

**I** AM akin to the pink wild rose;  
I am akin to the butterfly;  
All of life that grows and blows,  
Is a part of me and I of it.

Yet only a few of its moods I know,  
Though I am soul kin to it all;  
Color there in the sunset glow,  
That is part of me I cannot fathom.

And this, perhaps, is life's great lure;  
Its curious hidden mysteries;  
I know this is why I crave to endure  
As long as the stars and the skies and the seas.

## ON NIGHT DUTY

**S**ILENCE and darkness all about,  
And all the world asleep,  
Save those whom duty calls at night,  
Who run the presses, nurse the sick,  
Guard life on land or deep,  
Or in like manner serve mankind.

Tenseness of day is lost for those  
Who labor through the night;  
The surge of life, the tide of blood,  
That rises up to meet the dawn  
With each succeeding light  
Is still, emotion in a trance.

Lost all that troubled sense of life's  
Vast hoard of weariness,  
That throbs resistless in the day  
A soothing quiet over all  
Seems but to gently bless  
And breathe of benediction peace.

Why struggle so for crowded days,  
So runs my weary thought,  
Nursing a man to whom death comes  
Day rush or night peace, what, after all,  
Has the circle of life ever brought  
That we should crave it forever intensely?

**"CAST YOUR BREAD"**

**Y**OU brought a blessing to me,  
Stranger out of the night,  
Who begged a penny from me,  
With a face so starved and white.

A penny I gave, but, oh!  
It returned a thousand fold;  
For the money one gives the poor  
Is mystic, magic gold.

## MY FLAG

**M**Y flag, your flag,  
Forever may it fly  
Unsullied 'gainst the sky,  
Its red and white and blue,  
Emblem of all that's true,  
Honest and brave.

My flag, your flag,  
Flag of United States.  
Oh, may the kindly fates  
Who give the victory  
To us, a people free,  
Smile ever on us!

My flag, your flag,  
Emotions stir and seethe  
With every breath I breathe,  
Pride in and love of you,  
My own red, white and blue—  
Our flag, our flag!



## OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS

**I** LOVE old-fashioned flowers best,  
Because they're dear with sentiment;  
Wild phlox and pinks and mignonette  
Shall in my garden grow content.

And I will not uproot them for  
Some newer blossom worth unknown;  
That's but a fad this passing hour,  
And from a foreign seed is grown.

To me old-fashioned flowers are  
Like splendid friends that are tried and  
true,  
And I will not deny their worth  
For the gayest posy strange and new.

## YELLOW ROSES

**O**LD-FASHIONED yellow roses,  
Upon a prickly stem,  
How far you take me backward  
To twilights old and dim.

Old-fashioned yellow roses,  
With fragrance, oh, so sweet,  
Upon one summer twilight  
You made a world complete!

Old-fashioned yellow roses,  
She wore affirming love,  
And nothing was so golden  
In earth or heaven above.

Old-fashioned yellow roses,  
Upon her pinafore;  
My first sweetheart of eight,  
Myself but one year more!

Old-fashioned yellow roses,  
Fragrant with memories,  
You give my heart new faith  
In far eternities.

## HEART OF GOLD

**L**ITTLE heart of gold—  
That's how I love to think of you—  
So fine, so loyal, and so true—  
Little wife of mine.

Sweetheart of mine,  
Your faith and love light all my way  
Throughout the hard and busy day—  
Little wife of mine.

Dearest of all—  
Sharing my joys and sorrows—  
Sustaining me for dim to-morrows—  
Little wife of mine.

Little heart of gold,  
All life to me, dear, centers you;  
My earth and hope of heaven, too,  
Little wife of mine.

**KEEPING THE VICTORY (Memorial Day,  
1921)**

**(Written for Mrs. Andrew H. Foppe)**

**T**HEY sleep,  
Our glorious hero dead,  
And we  
For whom they nobly bled  
Live on.  
Fields where they bravely fell  
To-day  
Mutely the story tell,  
Still red  
The earth with heroes' blood  
For us  
Poured out in crimson flood.  
They fought  
False gods that lure men on  
And on  
Futile from dawn to dawn.  
So much  
They gave—their all—that we,  
Their own,  
Might be forever free.  
Their all  
They gave so willingly.

We live.  
Shall we be negligent  
Of those  
Ideals for which they spent  
Themselves?  
Dear God, forbid. To-day  
Let us  
Lift up our hearts and pray  
Anew  
The patriot's prayer. To be  
Of their  
Great sacrifice worthy;

To hold  
No selfish thought, but stand  
Loyal  
To this, our splendid land.  
Then shall  
We keep their victory,  
Their faith,  
Who died across the sea—  
Their faith,  
Who died to keep us free.

## COURAGE

**C**OURAGE that conquers when the cause  
seems lost,

Nor stops nor falters, but moves all before—  
Courage that knows no fear, that counts no  
cost—

The courage sung of old in heroes' lore—  
Lord, give me that.

Courage to champion the weak, not fail,  
To take my stand unfaltering for the right—  
Courage that in the test I may not quail,  
Nor turn if I shall meet wrong linked with  
might.

Lord, give me that.

Courage that burns throughout the darkest night  
Like some white flame beckoning to victory—  
Courage that stands a pinnacle of light,  
The hope of souls that would be free.

Lord, give me that.

Courage that I may pluck from out my soul  
The fear thought, that great scourge of all the  
years—

Courage that I may cling to my high goal  
Even through failure, bitterness, and tears—  
Lord, give me that.

## JONATHAN'S SONG

**F**RIENDSHIPS I've had a-plenty  
As friendships go:  
Friendships at one and twenty,  
In youth's gold glow;  
Friendships in stabler years  
Of suited liking,—  
Friendships of mad adventure,  
Of spirit Viking—  
But this friendship you give me  
Is different, too,  
For all my other friendships,  
Both false and true,  
Have lingered for their turn  
And then moved on,  
And I have never grieved much  
When they had gone;  
They served their time and purpose,  
It is life's way;  
But your friendship, my dear,  
I hope and pray  
May be with me forever—  
Aye,—and a day.

I could not lose you, dear,  
Except my heart  
Broke utterly, so much  
You are a part  
Of me, the cornerstone  
Of all my days,  
My shining, golden light  
In shadowy ways;  
My comfort in distress;  
All we have shared—  
Great joys, and greater sorrows;  
When I have fared  
Far, far afield, you came,  
Lovingly came,

Your presence like a flame,  
A living flame,  
Keeping my courage taut  
In the dark night.  
Love is a wondrous thing,  
Life's sunny light,  
Yet I would not crave it  
Must I agree  
To give in an exchange  
As final fee  
Our Jonathan-David  
Affinity.



## THE FOURTH

**O**NCE again the Fourth  
With fireworks bursting forth,  
And oratory, too,  
'Mid much red, white and blue—  
'Rah, 'Rah.

And underneath the whole  
America's great goal,  
Freedom for all, a-shining  
Like some dark cloud's bright lining  
In a world all topsy-turvy—  
'Rah, 'Rah.

There's no day of the year  
That stirs deep down, sincere,  
Love of the flag and country  
And pride of history  
Like this, our glorious Fourth—  
'Rah, 'Rah.

## **SALUTE**

(Written for Mrs. Wilmer H. Crawford)

### **SALUTE!**

Unrolled there to the breeze  
Is the most glorious flag on earth;  
In lands across the seas  
Its splendid red and white and blue  
Has carried freedom's story  
To all the nations of the world—  
Our beautiful Old Glory!

### **Salute!**

In deepest loyalty  
Rise to the challenge of your flag,  
Flag of the brave and free.  
It is the emblem of the best  
That life and love can give;  
Under its stars and stripes it is  
A pride and joy to live.

### **Salute!**

Thinking who died for you,  
Those who on battlefields upheld  
That square of starry blue,  
And as you pass that radiant flag  
Uncover reverently,  
Sacred, your flag, my flag, our flag,  
Through all eternity.

## HONEYSUCKLE

**E**MBROIDERED fragrance like to which  
There is no other scent, I vow,  
Comes glorious through the summer night  
And makes a paradise of Now.

Roses' perfume I also love,  
And that of other blossoms, too,  
But honeysuckle scent combines  
Glories Araby never knew.

## MY GARDEN

**M**Y Garden is a charmed spot  
Because my friends are often there,  
And each leaves in my garden plot  
A legacy of loving thought.

## IN A SYMPHONY GALLERY

**I** SIT up here in the gallery and I look far down  
below  
At the boxes in gilded glory and the red plush  
seats in a row  
Right under the Maestro's stand,  
But I envy them not who have silks and lace and  
great glass cars outside;  
It is nothing to me, who possess my soul, that  
riches are denied  
When the Maestro lifts his hand.

Class and distinction, pomp and power are lost  
in a whirl of sound;  
There's storm and sun and anger and joy, emo-  
tions all profound  
Unrolled by the Maestro's band,  
And all little mean and human thoughts are lost  
in a revel of light,  
There's a halo around the Maestro's head, and  
he is a god of might,  
A power in the land.

And my distant place is a vantage point and my  
seat a very throne;  
Oh, a thousand golden thoughts are mine with  
the orchestra's every tone,  
At the baton's firm command.  
And I am the richest of all the rich and richer  
far than they,  
If they have not gained for their very own the  
symphony music to-day  
From the Maestro's magic hand.

## **A THANKSGIVING PRAYER .**

**(Written for Miss Jeanie Duncan McKee)**

**L**ORD, make me grateful for the gifts I have  
to-day,  
My shelter overhead, my health, my work, my  
play,  
Grant me to know that such are blessings mani-  
fold,  
In days like these when all the world seeks only  
gold.

Give me to feel that boon of joy in daily living,  
That friends, good deeds, and kindly thoughts  
are ever giving ;  
Help me to truly see the real of life from dross,  
To prize my spirit gain nor grieve for dollar loss.

Let me not pass along the valley here unheeding  
Those simple, kindly acts the world's to-day  
most needing,  
With eyes closed to the sunshine and ears dull  
to the rain,  
Seeking but selfishly a momentary gain.

Grant me to hold and give in turn true friend-  
ship's best,  
Let my frail soul stand clean in truth and honor's  
test,  
And lead me to that final goal that flesh denies,  
Along the narrow way unto Christ's paradise.

## TO A DEBUTANTE

**L**IKE a gorgeous butterfly  
Flitting gaily by,  
Sipping parties as so many roses;  
Life's a round of posies  
On a path that leads through Fairyland.

Take a care, my pretty one;  
E'er the season's sun  
Comes a plumed knight of gay romance  
At a tea or dance,  
Binding life within a golden band!

## **"TO-MORROW IS ANOTHER DAY"**

**S**OMETIMES when plans go all awry  
And all the world seems sad and gray,  
A sentence cheers my flagging zeal—  
"To-morrow is another day."

Ah, comfort to my mind and soul,  
When all my hopes have gone astray—  
I still shall have my chance again;  
"To-morrow is another day."

What if to-day my courage failed,  
Or yesterday some dull delay  
Caused me to miss the goal I sought,  
"To-morrow is another day."

To-morrow—ah, the very word  
Illumines bright my troubled way.  
Thank God for that fair hope within—  
"To-morrow is another day."



## MY LITTLE HOUSE

**M**Y little house that shelters me,  
Is like some dear, kind friend,  
Into its arms I fly from days of stress and strain;  
Close to its heart I cuddle up,  
And whisper out my soul,  
And it cheers me, warms me, loves me, until I  
try again.

My little house is a part of me,  
For I put it here myself;  
Many years it lived in my heart before it stood  
on the street,  
And I loved it to being and struggled long  
To make it really come true;  
The putting it there where it stands was a task  
both hard and sweet.

My little house is a snug, tiny place,  
In a village near the town;  
It's not very costly or big and it's neither grand  
nor fine,  
But all of my heart and soul respond  
To its tender love and care;  
It's the realest thing in my life, this dear little  
house of mine.

My little house knows all of my life,  
All of my visions and dreams;  
Into its heart I pour my secrets grave or gay,  
All of my plans and hopes it shares—  
Dumb to the world outside,  
But, oh! to me a comforter of every day.

My little house, I am quite, quite sure,  
Has a soul of its very own,  
And when I fail some day at last to cross its  
door,

I know full well it will shake and sigh,  
And mourn in its own sad way,  
For my little house will miss me when I am here  
no more.

**PILGRIM . . . *Tercenary* . . . POEM**

**F**ITTING that we who have the heritage  
Of these three hundred years  
Should backward turn us to that earlier page  
That tells of Plymouth Rock.

Fitting it is that we should think again  
Their thoughts, see their ideals,  
Nor count of narrow mold those Pilgrim men  
Who set their mark on life.

And who among us in this latter day,  
Because we differ now,  
Shall careless hold their thought or plan or way  
Whose gift's to us immortal?

And after all is not our difference minor?  
They held for truth and honor  
As we to-day, who count no impulse finer  
Their best ideals are ours.

What if they were perhaps stern and austere?  
Their serious time required it;  
They had the faith and courage of a year  
That called aloud for heroes.

Ah, let us hold to all the best they knew;  
Their best was well worth while.  
The legacy they gave us tried and true,  
Our hope, their monument.

## NEWSPAPER IDYL

(In the vernacular)

**I** LOVE to feel news stirring,  
And to hear the presses whirring;  
There's nothing else in life to me so dear  
As the office, and the ever-present fear  
Of rivals who'll be scooping,  
If I'm not forever snooping  
On the trail of festive items far and near.

I love the mad careering  
When edition time is nearing,  
And a story's just about to get away,  
An incident to spoil a fellow's day—  
Oh, the telephones a-ringing,  
And at last the news a-singing  
From typewriter to linotype, Hooray!

Oh, I tell you, this is living;  
In my soul I'd be forgiving  
The worst that life has ever done to me  
If they let me hang my hat up near the key  
Of the telegraph, a-ticking  
The world's pulse, and a-picking  
Up the great big news all over land and sea.

For printer's ink's a-trickling  
In my veins and ever tickling  
Me to surge to doughty battles for the news;  
And I know, without the offer, I'd refuse,  
As against a Texas oil boom,  
My job here in the newsroom;  
It's funny, but I know how I would choose.

Oh, I'd like to stay at writing,  
My daily scoops inditing,  
Right up to the last minute of them all.  
And when I answer to the "thirty" call,

May the Chief where I am going,  
My predilection knowing,  
In a daily press my soul at once install.

And when I adventure dying,  
May it be to newsboys crying  
A great big story that has come my way  
In gorgeousness of proud, front-page display;  
For then I'd go out snappy  
And greet my heaven happy  
As the climax of a really perfect day.

## MOON-MAGIC

**P**ATCHES of moonlight on the sea  
Move all my soul in ecstasy;  
Something, I cannot tell just what,  
Brings back old memories long forgot—  
Bits of romance and bits of song  
I have not thought of in, oh! so long;  
Faces I loved in the long ago  
Are there in the moonlight's pale, soft glow.  
Magic there is, weird and eerie,  
In nights of moonlight on the sea.

## INFINITY

**L**OVE, put your hand in mine,  
And turn your eyes to me,  
For in your touch and glance  
I find Infinity.

## DREAM FACES

**O**UT of the night I heard your call,  
Weirdly, hauntingly sweet;  
A mixture of music dreamed of, dear,  
And like dream music, fleet.

And then your face shone out of the dark,  
Strangely, beautifully clear,  
And I could almost touch your hand,  
You seemed so truly near.

Visions in dreams, how do they come,  
Oddly, teasingly real;  
Lingering just for a word or a smile,  
Or a momentary thrill.



## HOME LIGHTS

**L**IGHTS that shine when the night is clear,  
Lights on a vista of street,  
Twinkling and blinking far and near,  
Lights that are bright or discreet.

Lights that glow in the glistening rain  
Sheen on the city's street;  
Lights that jewel a window pane  
In raindrop's beauty fleet.

Lights more glorious than all the rest,  
Home lights shining for me,  
Love light in eyes that I love best,—  
Light of eternity.

## TWO VERSES

**I** CAUGHT a verse from out the sunlit sky  
And sung it loudly for all men to hear,  
But not one paused a moment, passing by,  
My lovely song was lost with none to care.

Another day I made myself a rhyme,  
And sang it fearsome in the market place,  
And all the people stopped and cried "sublime!"  
It made my fortune in a single hour.

But what, you say, can be the cause of this?  
My friend, the joyous lines that first I penned  
Were of that thing etherial, Heaven's bliss;  
My second verse extolled the joys of earth.

## SIX-THIRTY

**C**ASTLES I build in the night,  
Held fast by the Dream King's might.  
Over vast oceans of gold,  
Studded with rubies untold,  
I sail with a pirate crew.  
Wonderful treasures are mine—  
Diamonds that glitter and shine,  
Emerald yachts for pleasure,  
And slaves for great, good measure,  
Could I but bring them to you!

What is that noise like a thunder  
Shaking my hold on my plunder,  
Dashing my hopes to the ground—  
Ominous, terrible sound,  
Calling aloud to me,  
Making me shake and shiver,  
And my whole soul stand a-quiver,  
Startling my heart with mad fear,  
Ending my gorgeous career—  
Six-thirty? Oh, can it be?

## LIFE MYSTERY

**L**IFE, answer back the cause of living,  
Of all the heartache and forgiving,  
Of all the struggling and the striving,  
Of all the failure or arriving—  
Why, tell me why?

Must I go on and never knowing  
Even the way that I am going?  
Silence to all my questioning  
From Life that knows all—everything—  
Save its own mystery.

## CONSOLATION

**T**O my lost love, the love that I adore,  
I write a little preachment here to-day;  
To my lost love, whom I shall see no more  
Because my path is made another way.

For often in the pauses of my day  
Remembrance taps a finger on my door;  
I fancy once again the time is May  
Of the spring we met eternal, evermore.

And the days and years between us fade away,  
And your kisses search my lips, as long ago.  
Ah, the passion that we felt that far-off May,  
It was immortality, my dear, to know.

What matters it our lives are far apart,  
That our two paths to different goals have led?  
The best you had to give is mine, dear heart,  
The best of me is yours . . . and all is said.

And if you, too, turn back the years sometime,  
Be not, dear love, mine own, disconsolate,  
For once to touch a moment so sublime  
Is to have known the best in human fate.

## TWO THOUSAND

**B**IRDSONGS athwart the dawn  
Are vivid crimson red;  
The sunrise from my window  
Sings of the night that's dead.

Nay, gentle reader, pause not  
To wonder as you read;  
We're now in year Two Thousand,  
And verse must meet the need.

Of universal art  
Color and sound the same  
The poet must reflect  
To gain eternal fame.

## **PORTALS OF HOME**

**(Reprinted from Progress)**

**T**HRESHOLDS of home are sacred portals;  
Safeguard them well,  
That only those you love of mortals  
Shall enter there.

For each who crosses o'er your doorway  
Leaves thought within,  
And so, that only fair thoughts stay,  
Guard well your portals.

## VAGABONDING

I SAT there at the concert;  
They played a splendid score  
Written by some great master  
In mystic days of yore.

But I heard naught of it;  
My body sat quiescent,  
But my mind went vagabonding  
On pathways dull or pleasant.

It went a-marketing,  
And paid the monthly rent,  
And bought a brand-new gown,  
Then turned at last content

To listen to the music,  
But the score was now complete;  
The time to hear had vanished  
In music moments fleet!



## LOVE SONG

**B**ECAUSE I love you so  
The world is not the same;  
Days were, before you came,  
Just stolid hour on hour;  
But now the moments flower  
Golden with dreams of you,  
Skies are a deeper blue,  
Roses more rarely sweet,  
All time is swiftly fleet  
Because, Sweetheart, I love you.

All that you mean to me,  
Dear, you could never know.  
Once in the long ago  
Real love I thought I knew,  
But the fair dreams that grew  
Deep in my heart were pale,  
Faint images that fail.  
This love that you inspire  
Is an eternal fire—  
All that you mean to me.

Earth and heaven, too,  
These you mean to me—  
Life and eternity.

## LOVE'S COMING

**L**OVE came to me on golden wings  
In his first wondrous wooing,  
As gorgeous as a bird that sings  
Framed in a golden plumage.

In guise of wealth love came to me,  
Easy to take and give—  
Jewels and flowers his company,  
Mansions and motors his due.

Like some bright sun, too bright to last,  
He faded and was gone,  
Leaving me crucified to the mast  
Of all that might have been.

Then once again love came to me,  
The love that is love alone;  
Of struggle and of poverty,  
Stripped to bare nakedness.

I took him, doubting, to myself;  
He cheered me with his truth;  
Forgotten is the love of wealth,  
For this new love is lasting.

## SNOW BIRDS

**S**NOW birds on my window sill  
Begging for a breakfast.  
Frozen every dale and hill,  
Holding Earth's repast.

Such a cheery chattering,  
Worth a world of gold!  
All the thanks a crumb will bring  
Days of wintry cold!

## STAR ABOVE THE CHRISTMAS TREE

(Reprinted from Saxby's Magazine)

**A** GAIN shines out the magic of that wonderful old story,  
Of the manger and the Magi and the star in all its glory;  
Oh, what a golden hope gleams from the star for all the earth,  
From that far distant century, o'er the cradle of His birth!

Yet how obscure its heaven-sent ray in these mad, hurried days,  
When war's deep red and ugly scars blight all our peaceful ways;  
When famine stalks gaunt-eyed and dread in lands across the sea,  
And here at home men's fight material daily dims its plea.

And yet the message of the Christ is there for all to know;  
The call to love of fellow man is in that steady glow,  
As true as it has ever been the story of that ONE  
Who gave his life that all might live, the Father's only Son.

Oh, pause, ye peoples, in these tarnished times when flesh alone  
Seems to sway all, and high ideals seem lost in depths unknown!  
And lift your eyes up to the star above the Christmas tree,  
Symbol of Bethlehem's star, promise of Immortality.

## IN A WEDDING RING

**I** COUNT my friendships over one by one  
And wonder which of them will stand the  
test,—

So soon out of the stress and strain to come  
Let those remain, dear Lord, that I love best.

I count them prayerfully,

I count them carefully;

Perhaps not even one will turn aside

So slight this test, and I am innocent,

A thing so small that but for my high pride

My word would clear of question in a moment.

I count my friendships here to-night once more,

My Crisis past. My eyes dry of their tears;

Quick, help me bar, dear love, the battered door

To those who would explain so many fears.

I count them so inanely;

I count them—ah!—profanely.

To think that friendship is so slight a thing

That one small doubt should such great havoc  
make.

Thank God for you, whose simple wedding ring

Encompasses all griefs for Love's dear sake!

## MY CHRISTMAS, YOUR CHRISTMAS

**M**Y Christmas wreath hung gaily in the window,  
Its holly berries shining bright as blood.  
My Christmas tree was gay with candles' glow;  
I lacked but that one thing, the Christmas Mood.

It seemed so strange to me, my heart was cold  
When all the world was warm, and glad, and gay,  
And somehow I seemed, oh, so sad, and old,  
There was no joy for me in Christmas Day.

I could not think at first why it was so,  
I only knew that it was much amiss;  
And then it came, as one at last will know,  
Why I had lacked the season's joyousness.

*Because my wreath was just for me alone,  
And no one shared my Christmas gifts with me;  
Because the candles on my tree that shone  
Gleamed but for one, for whom alone the tree.*

Now, opening wide my door, I shout aloud  
To come within to every passer-by—  
Ragged and poor, they are a motley crowd,  
But all my Christmas time they glorify.

## DEATH IN OLD AGE

DEAR, put your arms about me  
As in the long ago,  
And lay your cheek to mine  
That I may feel it glow,  
And life run riot through me,  
That my old heart may know  
Once more the strength of loving  
Before my time to go.

But no! I am forgetting  
You cannot come to me,  
For you have gone before  
To dim Eternity.  
I am so old, so old,  
The passing days I see  
As in a misty mirror,  
And long so to be free.

Dear, put your arms about me;  
Nay, children, do not weep;  
I am not dreaming now—  
She has come back to keep  
Her promise to my youth;  
Her love, so strong and deep,  
Has bridged at last the way.  
My feeble senses creep.  
Ah, see, she stoops, my dear!—  
Oh, what a wondrous . . . sleep . . .

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE

(Written for Mrs. Thomas E. Hanlon)

**A**LONE near to the mountain's top there grew  
up fine and straight  
A wistful little cedar tree that craved a boon of  
Fate—  
"I fly no blossoms to the light," the little cedar  
cried—  
"I give no joy to anything," the little cedar  
sighed.

Alone there near the mountain top the pensive  
little tree  
Poured out its heart to every breeze in ever-  
longing plea;  
Up to the stars one willful wind whispered the  
cedar's woe,  
And they shone on it more tenderly, a radiant  
softened glow.

There came a kindly Forester along the moun-  
tain's base  
And built himself a cabin in a safely sheltered  
place,  
And brought thereto a gold-haired bride—care-  
less of wind or weather—  
Those two, for love was theirs, and glorious  
stretch of years together.

Perhaps the stars had planned it with the breezes  
long ago,  
The how of it or where of it I truly do not  
know—  
But the cedar tree, a-quivering and a-shining  
with delight,  
Stood in the cabin glorified one wondrous  
Christmas night.



## MY GRATE FIRE

**A** GAINST the cold, wet day my fire gleams  
bright,  
A beacon leading on to joys of home,  
To books I love, rare volumes of delight,  
More to my heart than some rich guarded  
tome.

To sit and read there in the firelight glow  
Some simple verse long of myself a part,  
And dream and think—this is indeed to know  
A happiness that warms the restless heart.

In all the rush and strain of life to-day,  
When most the world seeks joys much money  
buys,  
To value true, real happiness, I pray,  
And those dear joys and heart and home most  
prize.

## MY PEAR TREE

**A** KNARLED old pear tree rises up  
There by my bedroom window,  
Its branches, like a wondrous cup,  
In flowering time spilling  
A snowy, blossomy, heavenly white  
Along my casement ledge,  
Illumining all my day and night  
With rare and delicate beauty.

It is like a friend, this bent old tree,  
Mine own since childhood's days,  
Guarding me there so silently,  
Intimate of my life,  
One of my first remembered things—  
That are forever dear—  
A part of my inner consciousness  
To my dreams at evening near,  
And sentinel of my days.

It seems a splendid thing to me  
That one should go through life  
Guarded so by a fine old tree.  
With an almost human love,  
Of its shade and its fruit and its tender care  
And its glories in the spring  
It has given me freely, more than my share,  
Mothering me year by year.

Before I came, my pear tree stood  
There by my window and waited  
For me—feeling, I know, that I would  
Forever understand.  
Deep in its heart is sacredly treasured  
My first thin, wavering cry;  
Oh, I hope it will still be growing there  
When it comes my time to die,  
To waft my soul on high.

## CLOCKS

**T**ICKING, ticking, ticking  
Remorselessly away  
The moments of my day  
And night.  
How many times I've wanted,  
By a second only daunted,  
Some magic, mystic power  
To lengthen just one hour.  
And then  
There have been moments when,  
If only clocks had stopped  
And a few minutes dropped,  
My world would have been changed,  
All that could be arranged  
If one,  
Old ways and thoughts forsaking,  
Could have each day the making  
Of time.

Ticking, ticking, ticking,  
Forever just the same  
While the world plays at its game  
Timed!  
And the hours that move on  
Are gone, forever gone;  
In standard lengths they move,  
Each day in the same groove.  
And I,  
In pondering that far sky  
And studying books profound—  
Of what may there astound  
Find time is measureless,  
In realms of which we guess.  
I hear  
With curious, throbbing joy  
No hours will annoy,  
Free, free.

## HEALTH SONG

(For Elizabeth Lape)

**T**O-DAY I saw new beauties in  
The brook, the garden, and the sky,  
And all the round of daily life  
That often I've passed heedless by,  
For I, who have been ill so long,  
Am well and all my heart is song.

How fair the flowers, how blue the sky!  
The world seems changed to happiness,  
And I am looking through new eyes  
At glories I before scarce guessed.  
My blood runs like a new, mad thing  
And all my pulses throb and sing.

Here by the garden bench I kneel  
Where I poured forth a month ago  
A prayer for health, to give my thanks  
To Him above who made it so,  
For I, who went so far, far down,  
Wear health to-day like some bright crown.

## DULL STARS

OH, to adventure out  
From days all cut upon a pattern—  
Oh, for a bit of doubt  
To give a zest to sordid living!

I'm tired of life familiar,  
Of stupid rounds of months and days,  
I'm tired of my dull star  
That brings me always only sameness.

Dear God, let me not die  
With this drab treadmill here my all;  
Under some sunnier sky  
Give me bright days of gay romance.

Oh, grant that I may know  
Life far removed from just routine  
Before my time to go,  
Or let me cease to be at once!

## SKY GARDENS

(Written for Mrs. William Alexander Julian)

**S**KY gardens have for me  
A subtle fascination;  
I love to leisurely  
Trace out their flower glories.

I think I love the best  
The eastern sunrise gardens,  
Though gardens in the west  
At sunset too are splendid.

I find such strange, sweet flowers  
In such odd, lovely hues—  
Roses, like golden hours,  
So bright they quickly fade.

They're not like earthly posies,  
These flowers that bloom for me,  
And die like golden roses  
Beside the great sky sea,

For they hold me with a rapture  
Only fairyland can give,  
And all my fancies capture—  
Fairy gardens of the skies.

## STREET CARS

**R**UMBLY, jerky,—

They would make my nerves a wreck,  
But my body only they convey;  
Far away, my thoughts, far away,  
Resting in green meadowlands of peace.

Rumbly, jerky—

Concentrated agony

Of noise. All my soul would shattered be,  
But it sails a beautiful, calm sea  
In a gorgeous yacht, Imagination.

Rumbly, jerky—

"Ain't it awful!" cries a woman

Jostled roughly up against my side;  
Mind and body both are in her ride,  
But myself I scarcely hear her talking.

Rumbly, jerky—

Lost the sense of this to me;

Scarcely do I know what people say—

I am sailing gaily on a bay

Smooth as glass and stirred by fairy breeze.

Rumbly, jerky—

I am battered to and fro;

Just my earthly clay is roughly shaken—

Rides at ease my mind, to awaken

Rested and refreshed at journey's end.

## BOOK ENDS

(For Margaret Pogue)

**B**ETWEEN you there you hold my world  
In five short feet;  
The greatest thought that life has known  
My rare retreat.  
With you as starting point, I go  
Over far seas,  
And you reveal the secrets of  
Meadows and trees.  
Your book row tells me of great lives;  
I am inspired  
To live my life to high ideals.  
I'm never tired  
Of what's encompassed there between  
Your narrow length;  
It is my life's high conning tower,  
My final strength.



## ENEMIES

**W**E would have, all of us, friends, friends,  
And yet consider, pray,  
The value of staunch enemies  
Along life's curious way.

Few friends will frankly tell us of  
The faults we all possess;  
Largely from enemies we come  
To know of traits we guess.

A good stout enemy will stir  
To fine, extended effort;  
He prods, he digs, he comes right out,  
While friends will stop to court.

Lord, grant me friends a-many, a-many,  
But let me never be  
Surrounded only by my friends,  
With no good enemy.

## TO BE HAPPY

**H**OW far we seek it and how near  
Is happiness;  
From one kind thought, from one kind deed  
It springs to bless.  
Yet restless over the world men go,  
And everywhere,  
Burning themselves out seeking it  
Now here, now there.  
Happiness is within men's hearts;  
It's not afar  
At the end of a shining rainbow or  
On some bright star.  
Men would try even miracles  
For this great boon—  
Stop this old world a-turning round,  
Or chain the moon  
To gain a bit of happiness.  
They will not see  
That it is seldom to be bought;  
It's given freely  
To all who pattern after HIM  
Through gain or loss,  
The Shining One who died upon  
A wooden cross.

## PAY ENVELOPES

**I** DIG and dig all week  
For pay-day with its gold;  
Exchange for life and work  
And leisure I have sold.

Just a small envelope  
With a bit of earthly treasure,  
But it represents my courage  
And strength in equal measure.

I try not to be a spendthrift,  
For a steward only am I;  
I would give a bit and lend  
A bit, but most put by;

For money saved is a record  
Of human blood and effort,  
A symbol shining outward  
That cries aloud what sort.

## HAPPINESS

**H**E sought for happiness  
Idly on land and sea,  
In various ways and places,  
But ever missed it sadly.

And then he tied his soul  
To a monumental task,  
And now of the joy he sought  
He has all that a man could ask.

Happiness comes to those  
Absorbed in work they love;  
They have no need to seek it—  
It's a gift from Heaven above.

## VISTAS OF DISTANCE

**I** GAZE here from my window  
At vistas most enchanting;  
Nature's own coquetry  
Spread out for all to see,  
Green grassy paths a-winding  
Into infinity.

My garden from this window  
Is a place of hopes come true,  
Flowering each spring anew  
Under old skies of blue,  
It gives me faith for living  
And strength for dying, too.



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